Almost

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by orphan_account

Summary

Will is a over-powered witch just trying to hide it from the people around him. When he meets Hannibal, who sees right through him. He can't seem to see through him though.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Almost sweet

Jack was human. Humans took up most of the population, so it wasn't odd that he was human. They had worked together for a while now, respected each other. He could tell that Jack was wary like suddenly Will was going to decide to curse him.

Will comes and sits in the chair in front of the desk. He hunches over trying to make himself as small as possible. He avoids eye contact with the other guy that was in the room. Jack was talking, and it was hard to focus. He wished he was warned that somebody else was going to be here.

The man stank. Not like in a bad way. But he can smell the thick smell of others on him. He couldn't place what it was, but he knew that he didn't want to be around it too long. The man smiled at him when he made the mistake of looking up.

"I'm here for a tracking job right Jack?" Jack nods, standing a few feet away staring at the board a few feet away. They had found something that could be used in a tracing spell. It was small, and Will had a feeling that it was going to take him a while to get a tracking spell to work.

"You don't make a lot of eye contact." The man leans forward, and Will can feel him tracing his face. Will didn't want to know what he was searching for.

"I see too much."

"Jack told me you were a witch that specializes in tracking?" The question was innocent enough, but Will could see how deep the man was digging. He was pressing buttons. Will tenses up and doesn't notice as Jack walks back to the table.

"Yeah, that's what I specialize in."

"But you're an empath. You can fully transform yourself into others. You can feed off their emotions and… turn into them." He talked softly, in a way that Will knew Jack couldn't hear. Magic fell from his lips easily.

Will stands up, his chair falling behind him. He can feel the spark of rage course him. He takes a deep breath to calm himself down. He couldn't let himself blow up this room, he was trained. He was an adult witch. He had control of himself now.

"I don't know why you thought this was okay Jack. You can send a piece of metal to my house. I have a class to teach."

Will could feel himself shaking with rage. He hated being analyzed. What kind of witch are you, what are your powers? They always tried to label. Wanted to pull him apart. To find what was underneath him, what he was hiding. His father said that his mother was a tracker, so that's what he learned. But deep down he knew that he was something much worse, and more powerful.

He wished he wasn't. Wished the man wasn't half right about what he said. He felt like the man could see right through him. He was going to have to spend his night finding out what he is. The fact that Will couldn't tell what he was dangerous. Will hid well under his veil, and he didn't like how well the man had seen through it.

Living in the woods made it easier to cast spells at night. He needed water and the moonlight. As an empath, the water was the most important. Slipping off his teaching clothes he slides into the water. It feels cool against his naked form, and he can feel the water reacting to his presence. The lake had waves in it, unnatural in the usually calm lake.

The ceremony was easy, he just needs to extract the energy of his memory. Put it in the water and stay still until the water decided to share with him what kind of creature the man was. He wasn't human. There was something else about him.

A few hours later, he decides to give up. The water had stilled, and it put a cold feeling in his chest.

"You could have at least told me sooner before I started to wrinkle. Silence is not usually how you play." The water ignored him, and the sun was peering up behind him. Sighing he grabs his clothes sliding them on. He was damp, and he can feel the dampness of his hair dripping on his clothes. Making the two-mile walk to his house, he finds a car. The dogs are barking loudly, and he lets out an annoyed grunt dropping his bag and running. He hadn't laced up his boots, so the running was awkward but using his extra energy to get there faster.

When he gets to the door, he sees the man from yesterday. He couldn't think of what his name was. But the same stench followed him. The same off feeling, that Will knew better than ignore. The fact that he has found him at his door. Holding a bag that smelled like food.

"Mr. Graham."

“Why are you here?”

“Jack sent me with the metal piece. I’ve also brought breakfast. You’ve been out all night?” Will looks down at his wet clothes. He rolls his eyes, opening the door to let the dogs out. They stop to smell the man before they run out to use the bathroom. He couldn’t take them down to the water, but maybe he should next time. He didn’t spend enough time with them. He didn’t like the idea of this man being able to come on his property and him not knowing.

“That’s none of your business. I have to go grab my bag; you can wait here. Or not. I don’t care.” He walks off, annoyed. This man was to nice. He hates him. Just, on principal. He was an annoying man, and he was obviously hiding something, and very well if Will couldn’t figure out what it was.

Walking back up to his house, the man had set down the food so he could kneel in front of Buster and pet him. Will frowned at him, going in the door. He could hear the bells telling him that Hannibal had walked in behind him. At least the simple spells worked on him, that was a small comfort.

“Put the metal on the table, I’ll go grab the ingredients for the spell. Oh, remind me of your name” He hadn’t been listening closely enough yesterday to remember it.

“Hannibal Lecter. Dr. Hannibal Lecter.”

When he comes back Hannibal has set up the whole table for breakfast. Frowning at him Will sits his work bag next to the table.

“Breakfast is important.” He had started scraping his food out of a bowl, setting it neatly on the plate in front of him. Will stomach lets out a loud growl, reminding him that he hasn’t eaten any food in the past 24 hours. Frowning at Hannibal, he grabs one of the forks that was placed neatly on a napkin. He could imagine hating this guy in the future. Maybe a real hatred, besides being skeptical about what he is.

Taking a bite of his food, a little aggressively Will can fill his mouth water. Groaning slightly, he takes another bite. He either was hungrier than he thought, which was very possible, or this was the best thing he has ever eaten in his life.

“This is good, thank you.” Hannibal’s face seems to light up compliment. Curious, Will watches his facial expressions. They were small, but they were there. He had a nice face, thick lips, and cheekbones one could cut themselves on. Blinking at himself, Will looks back down at his plate. He was just thinking about hating the man. He couldn’t start finding him attractive now.

“You are very welcome Will.” The name change was nice, Will hated to be called Mr. Graham. It reminded him of his father, which was something that he didn’t want to be reminded about.

When they finished, Hannibal cleaned the table. Will started setting up for the spell. It wasn’t a hard one, and it, in the end, was a very simple spell if you had Will’s energy levels.

Being over powerful was good for one thing, and it was good for pretending what kind of spell work you were best at.

“Do I need to do anything?” He had the dishes cleaned faster than Will had expected him to. Will shakes his head, looking at him for a second. Hannibal was watching him closely as he had never seen witchcraft. Which maybe he hadn’t seen it before. It wasn’t like the thing people showed polite company. Shrugging Will started turning on the sink. Water was very important to him because he had to light candles for this one. Sometimes fire drained him.

Lighting the candles around the room, he could feel Hannibal’s eyes on him the whole time. He should feel creeped out, but he kind of felt like he was performing. Like he was dancing, and Hannibal was the hungry audience drinking in all his movements. It made him feel powerful.

Holding the metal in his hand, he walked over to each candle slowly dipping it in the flame. The fire nicked his fingers, but the pain was never overwhelming. Once he finished, he walked over to the table, grabbing his pendulum. He didn’t have to use these things, but it was always easier to have something to push the energy through.

Hannibal was standing closer to him. He can feel him even if he can’t see him. His energy was so full in the room that the tracking spell almost didn’t work. It was almost too much for him, but eventually, he can feel the energy tell him where the metal came from. The name of a company popped up in his mind. That should be enough to give Jack. Opening his eyes, he drops the pendulum he was holding and stares up at Hannibal. His eyes were glowing, full of raw energy that Will had never seen.

“What are you?” Will’s voice was just above a whisper, the room dark except the candles that were still lit. The sun seemed to have faded into the background. Or maybe it was the light that was shining in Hannibal’s eyes.

“I’m not too different from you dear Will.” Will can hear the dogs barking outside, and he goes to open the door to let them rush in. They all circle Hannibal. Unconcerned, tails wagging.

“You have no idea what you are saying.” Will continues to stand even when Hannibal takes a seat at the table. He feels tense and like he is ready for a fight. “You have no idea what I am.”

Hannibal laughs, “So after it took half the time it takes for every other witch to do a tracing spell, you aren’t telling me you are just a simple witch.” Will gives him a dirty look. “I don’t need to convince you of this, you wouldn’t let me anyway. You just need to convince yourself of what you are.”

“I don’t find you interesting, I don’t care who you are.” That made Hannibal laugh, or what counts for laughing for him. His eyes lighting up, literally.

Hannibal changes the topic after that, the glow of his eyes fading. Looking at him, Will still feels a pull. He blamed the spell he had done the night before; his magic was still figuring him out.

Hannibal drove them to Jack. Will hated being driven places, but he couldn’t seem to win in an argument with Hannibal. He was really convincing when he wanted to be. Will had called Jack three times, but he must be busy with the court. The fae court was hard to handle on a normal base, but between the human and fae murders Jack was working on, Will wasn’t surprised that he was as busy as he is.

Walking in the building, the first person he finds is Beverly. She was a Fae. But only partly. She would be classified as a human if it wasn’t for her distinct eyesight. She was also brilliant, and one of the only people Will liked in this place.

When she saw him, she laughed softly? “You are soaking wet; did you not notice again?” Looking down at himself, he was soaking wet. His hair had to be a curly mess on top of his head. He sighs and looks at Hannibal who was trying to hide a smile behind his hand. He had let him out of the house like this on purpose. Will hoped his car was soaked.

“I was busy. I got the company name. You did a good job finding that metal, I don’t know how you managed it. It’s the first time he’s slipped up.”

“Wow, you seem impressed. Hello, apparently this one isn’t going to introduce us, so I’ll have to do it myself. I’m Beverly Katz.”

“Dr. Hannibal Lecter. It’s very nice to meet you.” Hannibal shook her hand, business-like. Will feels half shocked, he hasn’t been anything but annoying to him.

“He’s very handsome where did you find him?” Beverly stage whispered it making Will’s face go blood red.

“Jack sent him to babysit me.” Beverly raises both eyebrows, in disbelief. Will was unsure about what.

“That’s not what I was expecting. You two have a …” Will gives her a dirty look that promised a curse if she didn’t keep her mouth shut. Hannibal suggesting, they were similar was close enough to how he wanted to be connected to this man.

“You just look like a couple” Jimmy Price was standing a few feet away from his hands deep in a body. Zeller nodded, at his side like always. They were an imprinted werewolf bond. Will raises an eyebrow. The two still pretended like there was nothing sexual going on between them, even though everybody knew imprinted werewolves were fools for each other. So, they had no room to talk.

“Do you want help with your case, or would you like me to call Dr. Bloom.” Will has a glare in his eyes when he says it. Dr. Bloom was a great psychist, her tracking skills as a witch left a lot to want though. Her spell work was better with comforting people, soothing cups of tea and other potion like qualities. She used to bring him lunch every day, trying to soothe him. He just threw it out.

“Alright, Man-Witch calm down. We have the girl’s body here, Elise Nichols what we are trying to figure out is why he removed her liver. See.” Zeller holds up the liver. “He removed it, and then he placed it back. As the one girl’s body, we have found it makes you wonder what he did with the rest of them.”

Hannibal clears his throat a few feet behind them. Will turns on him, ready to tell him to be quiet. Hannibal raises an eyebrow. “He’s eating them.” Will felt his heart freeze at those words. He should have been able to tell that.

“You’re sure?” Beverly walks over to peer at the liver.

“I can smell the liver cancer. He put her back because of the…” Hannibal trails off not knowing a polite way to put it.

“He’s eating them.” Will feels the room tense up, everybody turning to stare at him. Hannibal seems to be the only one who stays calm, walking forward to look at the body.

“She’s human?” Beverly nods, her lips were turned into a small frown. Hannibal nods, concern look. It looked stage. Will watches his face, looking for true emotion. He doesn’t seem to have any. Or he hides it very well. Will wouldn’t think he had enough magic for that, but. Maybe he hid it well.

“We’ll have to call Jack and try to hide this before the press gets ahold of it. This does not leave the room.” Beverly left after that, Brian and Jimmy following behind her. Will sits in a chair in the corner of the room, watching the body.

It was empty now of course; the soul had left a long time ago. He could see the fear in an aura around her, the last emotion to be in the body. It was always awful to see because she was scared. She was afraid when she did, and the thought made bile rise in his stomach.

“What are you thinking about?”

“That if this is a fey, and he is eating human girls. That this could be bad for fae human relations.”

Will looks up at him, raising an eyebrow. That’s not what he expected. Will sighed and looked down at the girl’s body again.

“I’m thinking about the fact she died afraid. He choked her, and she woke up to be afraid before she died. It’s the last feeling her body will ever feel. Whatever happens after death, it’s the last thing she felt in her living body. Not love, or happiness in her life. She got to die a 19-year old child.”

“That’s the true tragedy in this to you, isn’t it? That she doesn’t get to be anything beyond death. Just an empty shell of a person.”

“I wonder what you would have done, to make her less of an empty shell.” Hannibal gestures for them to leave. Will doesn’t answer, because he can already picture it in his head. He would have put her all in white, antlers on her head. Posed like Assumption of Mary by Titan.

Secret Song

Chapter Summary

Will commits his first murder. How does he deal with it?

"So, what are we doing today?"

"Tracking spell has the name of a company, but they have a lot of sites. So, we are visiting one of them. Mainly to help, there are always too few hands-on decks. Just be glad we aren't doing door to door."

Hannibal laughs under his breath, parking the car. The sunlight showed off how tan his skin was and the light grey that was in his hair. He was kind of beautiful, probably the type to get women to fall at his feet. Will still hadn't decided if he liked him or not.

"Why don't you deepen the tracking spell, I'm sure it would tell you something more." Will rolled his eyes, tired of Hannibal trying to hint at how he was obviously much stronger than he put on. He refused to admit it and he was going to continue to refuse to admit it no matter how hard he pushed at him.

"C' mon, the lady was weird over the phone. So, I'm sure she's human." He walks up to the door knocking. There were several loud lock noises, making him tense up. She was going to be difficult and he wasn't looking forward to dealing with a difficult human.

When the lady opens the door, her eyes narrowed at both. Will frowns back, but Hannibal steps forward offering a charming smile.

"We are so sorry to bother you; we just need some information for our investigation. I'm Dr. Lecter, and this is Special Agent Will Graham." The woman looked charmed enough to step out of the way so that they could walk through. She levels Will with a glare but was all polite when Hannibal asked if they could get into her files. Will rolls his eyes, some humans could sense magical beings. Will really doubted that this is what this woman was sensing. He had a feeling that his scruffy looks were really what this woman was sensing.

“We just need the files; we’ll be taking them.” Will’s voice was gruff, not looking forward to dealing with this woman’s prejudice. The woman looked affronted, giving him a dirty look.

“I will need to talk to my manager unless you have a warrant.” Will rolls his eyes, digging the warrant out of his back pocket. He always came over-prepared, and he had a feeling that this woman wouldn’t really want to hand everything over. With the woman staring at the warrant like she was going to find out it was a fake he starts looking through the files.

Hannibal keeps up an openly polite conversation as Will goes through and collects files. Will feels himself being amused; Hannibal was probably the politest person he had ever met. Will still didn’t trust him, if he had learned anything in life never trust anything with a pretty face. That’s how you ended up trapped and eaten by Fae. Which was an outdated, and prejudice saying because for the most part nobody was fully Fae anymore and Will doubted any of them actually ate anybody anymore, but Will could still hear his father say it in his head.

Looking closer at one of the files he picked up, he could feel a thrum of his magic telling him to look closer. Looking closer at the file he nods at Hannibal, who doesn’t respond but asks the lady if they can step outside.

With the file in his hand, an empty trailer he closes his eyes. Sighing through his nose, the file flicks open. The page it opens on says ‘Garrett Jacob Hobbs’ in bold letters, and it has (no phone number, but an address? Or the other way around who knows). His race is underneath, under his age and gender. Part Fae, it fits the profile. Sighing to himself, he closes the file and starts putting the rest of them back. When the woman and Hannibal come back Will is walking out the door.

“We don’t need anything else from you.” Hannibal covers for his unfriendliness but thanking her, and he follows behind Will a second later.

“I’ve got an address; I want to go to question him first before calling for backup.” Hannibal nods next to him, Will expected him to press the point that they should call for backup first. When he didn’t, Will was glad. He didn’t know why he wanted to meet the man first. He wanted to know why, why he attacked and murdered the girl.

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Pulling up to the house, Will sighs rubbing his temples. He could feel a migraine starting. He pulls out his gun, putting it on his holster. He had never really needed to use it, one of the reasons he taught and didn’t do this full time is because he didn’t like having to use it. He didn’t want to kill somebody.
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“Are you coming in with me? You really don’t have too.” He does look at him, hands still resting on the sterling will.

“I would like to come in with you Will….” His voice fades away, Hannibal suddenly getting out of the car. Will looks confused at him, before he notices the woman watching them from the porch. She looked afraid, so afraid that Will got out of the car and took off at a small run to walk up to her. Hannibal was close at his heels.

“Ma’am, are you okay?” She makes a shushing noise and looks pointedly at the door.

“My husband, he’s been weird all day. He and my daughter are locked in the office. I was about to call the police…” Will pushes past her, heading inside. It makes sense now, a man obsessed with his daughter. She must be human; he must crave her. It isn’t a fae just mindlessly eating humans.

He pulls out his gun, walking through the house. He can hear Hannibal talking to the woman behind him. He didn’t care now, he had to save this girl. He knocks twice on the door.

“Mr. Garrett Jacob Hobbs. It’s the FBI. I need you to open the door.” He waits a few seconds, before moving his hand in front of the lock. The door clicks, and he looks behind him. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen. He sighs and pushes the door open. “Put your hands up where I can see them.” Hobbs had his daughter by the throat, knife lifting to cut her. Will doesn’t have any thoughts as he starts to shoot off, it took multiple shots for him to let go of her. Will doesn’t remember the knife slitting her throat, but he can see the blood. He runs over to her, Hobbs on the ground next to them as he tries to cover her bleeding throat with his hand. He can’t keep a good hold on it, his hands shaking too bad.

He hears Hannibal behind him, his head snapping up to look at him. He can see the girl’s soul leaving her, as the blood covers his fingers. Hannibal pushes his hands away and presses his hand carefully over her throat. She is looking at both, with big blue eyes. Eyes to go big. Will can feel himself shaking. He feels like he is going to throw up, but that fades to the back as Hannibal over calmly makes eye-contact with him.

His eyes are calm, a soft glow around him. Will has an overwhelming thought about how beautiful he is once again.

He barely notices as other police officers and FBI make their way around him. Somebody takes Abigail from Hannibal, who breaks eye contact with Will to follow her. Somebody is asking Will questions, but he doesn’t really hear them. He feels overwhelmed and a bit sick.

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Will sits in the water, head back. He could feel the tips of his hair get wet. He feels relaxed, but he can feel his own tenseness coming up from underneath his skin. He can feel footsteps, the water warning him as somebody else comes up. Will doesn't move, he feels safe even if the person who is walking up to him makes the water tense around him.

"Will, I brought lunch." Will sighed, sitting up. Hannibal sat at the end of the lake, a picnic basket sitting next to him. Hannibal smiles at him, but Will is unsure if he has the energy to smile back.

Will crawls out of the water, sitting next to Hannibal. He's sure he gets the nice blanket the man puts out wet. Hannibal doesn't blink at it, just looks at him what Will was scared to call fond eyes.

"I have something to tell you, and when I tell you I want you to be honest in your reaction."

"Of course, you would, you love my honest reactions."

"Abigail has woken up, Jack refuses to let me go see her unless I bring you with me. Her mother has already called, saying she is ready to see somebody." Will watches him, frowning. he can't imagine what the mother has to say about her husband, as the police as slowly been able to pin more girls murders on him, all the murders that were under his belt. Will still felt his death under his skin like it was gnawing at him.

"I have to get dressed first."

"I don't think to go half-dressed and soaking wet to a hospital is not a good idea." Will has already tried to stand up, Hannibal grabbing his hand. "Why don't we finish eating, and then we start to head over there. It won't be good to be in a stressful environment without eating." Will nods, though he felt disgruntled.

Coursing

Walking into Jack's office felt like walking up to be hanged. Jack calmly sat at his desk, his phone out. He had a stack of paperwork in front of him. Will felt Hannibal's presence behind him, stopping him from running out of the room like his body really craved. He didn't feel like fighting with Jack today, and he felt like as soon as he demanded to see Abigail Hobbs that was going to happen.

Sitting elegantly across the table from Jack was Alana. She had her hair half up, and a red dress on. Every time Will saw her, he felt his fingers itch, wishing he could touch her. Alana was a witch-like him but in a calmer way. She didn't have the power that he did, but she did have full control over herself unlike him. She was an earth witch, most of her powers came from the potions that she would make for her patients. She was a well-known psychists and had been pushing for friendship for Will for years.

Alana stands up when they walk in and walks up to Hannibal with a bright smile on her face. Will frowns to himself, how did he not know they were friends before this moment?

"Hannibal, I didn't know you would be here." Hannibal nods, his jacket folded over his arms. Will frowns at them both, before silently deciding Jack was the less frustrating part of this and walking over to him.

"Will don't sit in my chair, you are soaking wet." Will looks down half confused, but Jack was right. He was dripping all over the floor.

"Oh fuck, sorry Jack." Jack shakes his head, and gestures for the other two to take a seat. Hannibal crosses his legs in the chair next to Alana and Will feels another well of jealousy start in his throat. He didn't know when he had gotten so possessive of the other man. He had to keep his emotions in control though, Alana would notice too much.

"So, I'm guessing Hannibal told you why you are here Will."

"Abigail's awake and I want to go see her. But you have a problem with that." Will's voice was monotone and he was glaring a little over his glasses.

“I want Alana to meet with her first. She’s better at comforting people than you are. And I want Abigail to meet with somebody who wasn’t there. They say she was in a self-magical induced coma. And I want to know why.”

“She can probably tell you why if you just ask Jack. Her father tried to murder her.”

“But why is she able to use magic at all? Both of her parents are human. We all know that magic is passed through a bloodline.”

“Not necessarily, her mother or father could have had a touch of magical blood and it could have been such a small amount that nobody ever noticed,” Hannibal says this, his voice is all-knowing and doesn’t offer any room to argue him. Will wished he could talk to people like that. Jack didn’t even try to contradict Hannibal. Jack constantly contradict anything he said.

“You think she was in on it.” Will gestures angrily at Jack from across the room, he could feel the water on his skin heating up. Jack sighs, and nods. He was quiet for once, and it took Will a moment to know that it was because he was angry. He feared Will; no matter how well he usually hid it.

“I do think so. There is no way that she wasn’t Will. Why did her father take her back in that room, why did the girl look just like her? There is such a huge chance that she was apart of it. If she could use magic, maybe she used it to lure the girls. We have too many questions and not enough answers.” Will shakes his head silently. It felt like too much an attack on himself, he felt for the girl. He didn’t want to imagine that she was able to do something like that. He didn’t want to imagine himself doing something like this.

“I think you are imagining things that aren’t there Jack.” Will tugged on Hannibal’s arm as he walked out, expecting him to follow. He makes it halfway down the hallway before he hears his soft steps behind him. He turns around to see Hannibal standing behind him. His face was blank, but Will could swear that he was almost amused by what had happened in there.

“Are you ready to leave?”

“I’m ready to punch Jack in the face, but I guess it’d be better to leave.” Will turns to walk away, wishing he had a jacket on as they hit the cool air of the parking lot. He couldn’t believe that Hannibal had let him leave the house soaking wet, and that thought made him wonder when he decided that Hannibal was in control of telling him what to do. He frowns to himself as they walked, Hannibal close at his right hand.

“I can feel your anger in the air.” Will stops, turning back to look at Hannibal’s face. He seemed totally calm like he hadn’t said anything strange. That’s probably how he kept getting away with it. Hannibal stops, tilting his head at him. “Like electricity.”

“One day you will tell me what you are. You have to yknow.” Hannibal smiles. “You do ridiculous, in your little outfits. Pretending to be human-like everybody else.” Will sighed and rubbed his face. “I’m being rude. I’m sorry. I’m worried. Can you drive me home?”

“You are forgiven, and of course.” Will smiles at him, and Hannibal smiles back. His teeth glittered in the sunlight. Will has an image of them biting somebody’s throat out, spreading blood all over the ground. He had a feeling there was a lot he was going to have to learn about him.

Chapter 4

“Jack is using you.” Will sighs, his eyes making intense eye-contact with Hannibal from across the table.

“I know he is using me. I’m a good tracker, I’m somebody he wants to use a lot. If I can help people…” Hannibal shakes his head, his eyes silently watching Will from the chair across from him. Every time Will would look up, he could feel his eyes on him. Like he could feel it under his skin. “I want to help people?”

“Why? Why do you feel the need to help people, who never help you?” Hannibal’s voice was soft and soothing and Will felt like he was being soothed. The feeling is so much nicer than the feeling he had before of self-hatred. He wanted to agree with him because he sounded so right.

“I guess I want to be better than them. Prove myself.”

“Everybody likes to be accepted, Will.” Will jumps, not noticing Hannibal had gotten up to stand over him. Will blinks up at him and smiles feeling suddenly shy. Hannibal mimics the smile.

“I guess. Do you feel the need to be accepted, Hannibal?” Hannibal leans down, as Will feels his eyes go cloudy. He can feel the energy in the air spike up.

“As much as you do.” Will nods, his eyes closing. He felt so relaxed.

“You just want to be accepted by me though,” Will whispers it as he feels himself fall asleep.

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Will sits up, confused looking around. The dogs were sitting silently in front of the fire, all of them asleep. Will was sitting in his chair, a glass of whiskey in his hand. He stands up walking around the room. He smells the whiskey and takes a deep drink. He needed to go to the water. Something was wrong, but he couldn’t figure out what it was.

He grabs his boots, that are sitting very cleanly at the front door. When did he get home? He wondered when he blacked out if Dr. Lecter was upset at him. Did he eat dinner over there? He honestly wasn’t completely sure. Slipping his boots on, he whistles for Winston to follow him not feeling right leaving the house alone.

He wasn’t scared. So much as for the first time in his life, he was honestly confused about what had happened to him. He was usually so in control of himself. What could have possibly happened? Hannibal would know. He should call him. For the first time, he can remember he had a pull more towards a person than to spend time by himself.

He wondered when that had happened. When he started to find himself dependent on Hannibal. It had to be recent. Hannibal made him feel understood in a way that he never
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expected.

He hums to himself, as he walks to the water. He felt happier being around Hannibal. Happier than he had ever wanted to be. He should wonder more about that when he wasn't worried about how comfortable he was with the man. He felt accepted. The word echoed in his head as he thought of it.

Walking through the woods it was a very silent night. The loudest thing seemed to be his own thoughts. It was quite a full moon, but the moonlight still guided his way to his small lake of water. Getting undressed, he folds his clothes and stepped into the water.

He covers his head, letting himself settle into the water. The water didn't seem to settle back into him. It took a while for the water to accept him, but that wasn't too strange. Spending any time around anybody who has fae can do that, and he has spent a long time with Beverly this week. She wasn't fae enough to use any of their powers, but he knew she was enough that she couldn't lie straight out. He could have easily accepted a coffee from her that would mess up his magic. Not anything too intense, he could eventually get the water to settle into him. Closing his eyes, he tries to float back into the water.

"Will, you look insane." Will's eyes open slowly, lazily looking up at the shore were Beverly stood. She had a case file in her hands, and a smirk playing across his lips. Will swims lazily up to the shore, pulling himself up so he can sit, with his legs still in the water.

"Jack was too much of a coward to come to talk to me after the awful meeting about Abigail."

"Yeah you guessed it, but he's not the one who needs your help right now. It's me. And if you love me, so you will help me." Will looks up at her and tilts his head to the side like he was considering. Beverly sits a few feet away untying her shoes so she could dip her feet in next to him. He lays down, feeling way more exhausted than he really should. He had been in the water for over six hours. He should have left earlier, but he kept trying to wash away whatever went wrong the day before. Trying to wash away the yearning he felt to go find Hannibal. He should call him after Beverly leaves though to see if he noticed anything weird about him the night before.

"So, what do you need help with?" Will runs his hand through the water, humming softly under his breath as he does. Beverly is moving her feet to make small waves, and Will allows a small smile to go on his face.

"There's a new case, and I have…" She digs in the small bag that was around her waist. "This." A small plastic bag was in her hand. "I found it a mile away from the last body. Jack doesn't think it's anything, but I just have this feeling..." looking at her, Will can picture her fighting with Jack over this. Arguing with him about how she was right, and Jack being filled with doubt. He shared that pain with her, always fighting against Jack. Always fighting to prove himself. He was much more than a witch who was good at tracking. He really needs to call Hannibal.

"I'll take it and look at it. When do you need it done? And my fee." Will stands up and offers her a hand. She doesn't seem to bother by his nudeness, which made Will realize how much

he doesn't deserve Beverly as a friend. "Oh, I forgot. Can you avoid handing me food in the future?"

Beverly takes his hand, easily standing up and grabbing her shoes in her free hand.

"I've never handed you food Will. It had to be somebody else, I learned that lesson real early in life when I had a kid follow me around the school for a month because I let him have some of my crackers"

Will frowns and nods. He couldn't remember her handing him anything. It must have been another fae, but he didn't think he knew another one. He had not noticed somebody before. Except... except Hannibal. But Hannibal wasn't a fae. He knew what faes felt like, Hannibal didn't feel like a fae. He was something else. He needed to do some research.

"C'mon, I'm starving. Winston!" The dog ran up behind them as they walked back to his house. Beverly kept the conversation going, but he couldn't help but focus on what was wrong. If it wasn't food accidentally given by a fae, he had other problems. Somebody could be doing this to him on purpose. The fae food didn't work on him fully, but if it was heavily given it could really mess him up.

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"Hello, Will" Hannibal's voice was soft, and Will could hear something cooking the background. The soft sound of grilling was almost as soothing as that voice. Will sighed and leaned his head against the rocking chair that he had on his porch. The dogs were running around the yard in front of him, getting out the energy that they had from being in the house all night. Winston sat at his feet though, comfortably.

"I have a problem." Hannibal lets out a hum to let him know that he was listening. "I think somebody is drugging me." Hannibal stays silent for a second, and Will can feel himself tense up. He wished he could see his face, unable to get any sense of his thoughts from his silence.

"Tell me why you think that."

"I couldn't connect to the water, there are a few reasons why that could happen. But I think it's fae food. Either somebody putting something in my food or somebody feeding me. You are the only person I eat with, so I think it's somebody putting something in my food." Hannibal hums again.

"I'm concerned then, what were the last meals you had?"

"All with you, do you think somebody could be getting into your kitchen?" Will pats Winston's head when he sets his head on his knee.

"I don't think so, but I can check for safety. But if somebody really wanted to drug you, they would figure out how to do it. We'll have to be careful."

Will nods, feel soothed in his soul about it. Hannibal always made him feel better. Their fast friendship was the best thing he had going for him. He would honestly take Hannibal's advice on this over his, feeling like Hannibal was clearer than anybody else he knew. He always made him feel better. It was almost like being covered in water.

"What are you cooking?" Will's voice was low when he says it, and he closes his eyes trying to imagine how nice and warm Hannibal's kitchen must be at this moment.

"I'm making lamb. I've made extra if you want to come for a late dinner?" Will was nodding and standing up before Hannibal finished his sentence. Hannibal always seemed to have the best food.

"I can be over in an hour."

"Good, dinner should be almost done then I'll see you soon Will. I have a surprise for you when you get here."

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Warning: There is some non-con hints in this chapter. i didn't have it tagged before, which is the only reason I'm adding this note!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next few hours of Will's life went out of his control much faster than he could have ever guessed. He arrived at Hannibal's house, excitement going through his veins about being about to see him, and the next thing that he knew was there were handcuffs on his wrists. Wills eyes look around the large group of cops, and neighbors of Hannibal's watching as Will gets arrested. The cuffs were cursed, tight on his wrist controlling not only him but also his magic.

Hannibal was standing talking to Beverly a few feet away. Neither of them looked at Will when he got put in the car. Hannibal was tense. Will could barely tell by the way his arms were tucked on his sides, and he looked almost...unsure. Like he was confused by the situation as much as Will was.

He was read his rights, he was told why he was being arrested. Will stares at Jack dead in the face as he does it. The words don't have any meaning, because of all the things that Will has done wrong in this life. None of these were his crimes.

"You are being arrested on the charge of murdering…" Murdering. Will felt that word echo in his head that the word has been plucked from his memory and he no longer had the definition inside of him. Jack slams the cop door closed on him when he does not answer and Will can't help but continue to stare at Hannibal a few feet away. Just a few feet away and a steel door, if Will had control of his magic right now he wasn't sure what he would do. He could feel a scream at the back of his throat threatening to come forward. Threatening to tear out of his throat like his life had been torn out of his hands.

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Will's cell was lined with iron, which made him think if the men who arrested him thought he was fey. Everything they had asked him interviews seemed to glance right over him and he can't remember what they asked him or what was said. If had known himself any less, he would say he was dissociated through it. But that didn't feel right.

None of this felt right to him. There was something that he was missing and he was going to find it. Sitting in his small room. His small jail cell. He tries to think of the water. He tried to think of his small pond.

He slowly fades out from the world around him.
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“Will.” The voice that had been echoing in his thoughts shakes around his head. Will feels himself come out of the water with a gasp. He’s sitting in Hannibal’s office, Hannibal’s hand was on his knee. Will couldn’t hear what he was saying and he had to blink around the thick glob of film that he had in his eyes.

“Yes?” His mouth moves without him going to move it. This was a memory.

“Did you want to go lay down? You don’t look like you feel well.” Hannibal’s voice was so soothing that he could feel himself slowly relax. He’s laying Hannibal’s bed now, the soft silk of the sheets on his fingertips as he tightens his fingers, something wet and heated is around him. Will closes his eyes enjoying the feeling. He hadn’t been touched by another person in such a long time, it was almost overwhelming.

Will opens his eyes, looking down. The memory was thick, and he couldn’t see anything around the room. He could see a head between his legs, and he could feel the warmth of a mouth around him but he couldn’t see Hannibal. He knew it was Hannibal’s room, his soft bed. The knowledge didn’t make him feel anything at the moment, his mind focused on the soft pleasure of the mouth that was around him.

Will tries to move through the pleasure he was feeling in the memory to get to process what is happening. He feels drugged. But, he knows he wanted this. He is getting pleasure from it. He had thought of Hannibal like this before but would have never dared to actually let anything happen. He feels his balls start to tighten up, his body started to tingle as he starts to come. He jerks himself out of the memory

Waking up from a trance-like that is never comfortable. It’s even more uncomfortable when he came in his jail uniform. Sighing, Will lays his head back. This situation just seems to get more and more twisted. Why is that memory blocked from him? Why was he having sex with Hannibal, and how did Hannibal possible get inside his head. Will was a strong witch and he thought...maybe Hannibal was similar to him. Secretive maybe. Not… whatever this all meant.

Will had something to figure out.

Chapter End Notes

Also sorry about the short chapter after not updating it for 2 months. The next one will be much longer I promise.

Much love

you can find me on twitter at @sluttydancy
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End Notes

If you have any questions about the fic you can find me on twitter my twitter
or comment down below. I answer pretty quickly.

Anyway, I love this fic. I hope ya'll do too. It's so fun to write.
((All the witchcraft and fae knowledge is either stuff I came up with, or is from personal knowledge of the matters. If something is offensive or just plain wrong let me know! I might fix it.)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!